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The Lovers TRAGEDY:

OR, THE

Wronged Lady's Lamentation and Untimely Death.

To the Tune of, *No more Cruel Nymph.*

SIR *William* a Knight of Six thouſand a Year,
He courted fair *Suſan* of *Somerſetſhire*,
The beautiful'ſt Creature that ever was ſeen,
A Lady by Birth, tho' her Fortune was mean:
What paſſed between them, I'll tell you in brief,
Who hear it, may ſigh with a Heart full of grief.

To her he pretended the greateſt of Love,
And held her in hand for three Months and above,
Inviting her often to Feaſt at his Hall,
At length he to wanton Embraces would fall
Which when ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe ſighing would ſay,
Don't Ruin an Innocent Lady, I pray.

O talk not of Ruin, thou Joy of my Heart,
So long as we live, Love, we never will part,
So ſure as I give thee this amorous Kiſs;
Then let me arrive to the Rapture of Bliſs,
If ever I'm falſe or diſloyal to thee,
May God's Divine Vengeance then fall upon me.

The Innocent Lady then ſtruck with ſurprize,
Beſought him with ſorrowful Tears in her Eyes,
That he would not tempt her to any ſuch thing,
The which without queſtion her Ruin would bring;
Yet ſtill with new Arguments her he aſſail'd,
Tho' long ſhe reſiſted, at length he prevail'd.

He having obtained his earneſt Requeſt,
She proved with Child; then with Sorrows oppreſt,
He left her whom once he did ſeem to adore,
And all his raſh Vows he regarded no more;
No Creature ſo falſe and deceitful as he
That ſwears to be true, and yet perjur'd will be.

The innocent Lady with Sorrows oppreſt,
With Tears in her Eyes, and with ſobs from her breaſt,
She cry'd there's no ſorrow, no ſorrow like mine,
Oh! why had Sir *William* ſo baſe a Deſign!
Before I conſented, O that I had dy'd!
I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd ſhe cry'd.

Againſt you, Sir *William*, I needs muſt exclaim,
You courted for Love, and have cloath'd me with ſhame,
A Sorrow which I am unable to bear,
My Honour is gone, I will die in deſpair,
And haunt you by Night with my wand'ring Ghoſt,
That you may not have any reaſon to boaſt.

You ſhall have no Pleaſure, but conſtantly find,
The cries of your Conſcience, the trouble of Mind,
Both ſleeping and waking, where-ever you go,
For ſeeking my Ruin and ſad Overthrow,
And breaking the Vows that you ſolemnly made,
Before you my Innocent Vertues betray'd.

Retir'd from Friends, her cloſe Chamber ſhe kept,
Where for her Misfortune ſhe bitterly wept,
And finding her Folly ſhe no ways could hide,
With Grief ſhe miſcarry'd, in Sorrow ſhe dy'd,
Whoſe wand'ring Ghoſt then did often affright
Her falſe-hearted Lover, and treacherous Knight.

Sometimes to his Chamber at Midnight ſhe came,
The Room being fill'd with a fiery Flame,
Her trembling Ghoſt near the Curtains would ſtand,
With either a Dagger or Sword in her Hand,
As if ſhe would ſtab her falſe Knight where he lay,
And then with a Shriek ſhe would vaniſh away.

But once above all a ſtrange Groaning he heard,
And ſtraight with a Child in her Arms ſhe appear'd,
Which then on his Bed ſhe lay cloſe on his ſide,
It frighted him ſo, that he ſicken'd and dy'd
Within a Week after the ſame he beheld;
To all that he told it, with Wonders were fill'd.

Now as in a frightful Condition he lay,
To all his dear Friends he was pleaſed to ſay,
I wronged a Lady, I needs muſt confeſs,
And brought her to Sorrow, to Shame and Diſtreſs,
And now ſince the Glaſs of my Life is near run,
I'm going to anſwer for what I have done.

I was falſe to my Love, and my Oath I have broke,
And Death he ſtands ready with one fatal ſtroke,
To ſend me away, but I cannot tell where;
I have done amiſs, and muſt die in Deſpair:
Let me be a Warning to all that ſhall hear
Of my Death, for being ſo falſe to my Dear.

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